

Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interest of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the young folks and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

ST. PATRICK'S KNIGHT.

Mr. Custer sat in his office, awaiting the onslaught bearing down upon him from the rear door of the establishment of which he was the owner and proprietor. The day before he had advertised for an errand-boy from 12 to 15 years of age, and this was the response, in the shape of a dozen of small boys who came clattering along in a sort of irregular procession, each one eager to find favor in the eyes of so important and prosperous man as the senior partner of Custer & Sons. As they advanced nearer, he divided in one quick, comprehensive glance that they were not at all a bad-looking lot, and he began to think he might have some difficulty in making a choice. They entered, ranged themselves in line along the wall, with the exception of one little fellow who stood somewhat aloof.

Mr. Custer was about to address them when a clerk appeared at the door and asked him to step out on a matter of business with a new customer. As he did so, he was pleased to see that the small boy we have mentioned held the door open for him to pass. He was a broad-shouldered and sturdy little fellow, with swarthy skin and coal-black hair; a type, however, to which the New England merchant of fifty years ago was not favorable, as it suggested the "foreign element," a burning question at that period.

The boy's clothes were much worn, but clean. He had a knot of green ribbon attached by a gilt shamrock to his buttonhole; and, seeing it as he passed, the merchant slightly frowned. Well did he recognize this significant badge of what he characterized as impudence and ignorance; for if he were not both, no alien Irishman would dare flaunt his odious green in the land of the free. But Mr. Custer was a just man, and little things had weight with him as showing character; the action of the boy had pleased and impressed him.

When the gentleman had followed the clerk into the main body of the establishment, the boy made his way into the group of his companions, who had now left their places against the wall, and the moment of inspection deferred, began to talk to one another.

Five minutes later when Mr. Custer returned, he found himself in the midst of a turbulent crowd. One was lying on the floor, bleeding at the nose; two were brushing the dust from their coats, as they raised themselves from a recumbent posture in which strong and angry blows had placed them; all were talking and gesticulating; while he of the green ribbon stood in a belligerent attitude, glaring at the others.

"What's this—what's this?" asked the merchant, as the boys, abashed at his sudden advent, grew silent.

"I was the one that threw them down," said the little Irishman, stepping forward. "I ask your pardon, sir, for making a disturbance in your place; but them fellows—them fellows—"

"Well! What did they do to you?" inquired the merchant, angrily.

"One of them said I was a Dago with a green ribbon on me; and when I told him I wasn't a Dago, but Irish, he began to call me a Roman Catholic and a Paddy from Cork; and three of them fell upon me, and I floored them."

The merchant cast a glance around the group, but only one pair of eyes met his bravely—those bright, blue and fearless, of the Knight of the Green Ribbon.

"And are you—what they called you?" asked the merchant, dryly, with an ominous frown that made the hearts of the disaffected beat with hope. "Thanks be to God, sir, I am!" replied the boy. "And I'm proud of it, too. And in this country—to stand up for the religion and the name. She didn't tell me to fight, sir—she'd rather I wouldn't; but I couldn't help it, with those fellows jeering and laughing at me because I was wearing St. Patrick's ribbon on his own blessed birthday."

"Well, my young friend, you have considerable pluck," said Mr. Custer. "But let me tell you that the name of Paddy will stand in your way wherever you go. Better change it, my boy."

He spoke more in jest than earnest, partly also to observe the effect of his words on the other boys, as well as to tease the little Irishman. The opponents of our brave little Knight snickered in chorus, wheedled Mr. Custer frowned darkly upon them, and they subsided into a state of gloom. But the fighter proudly lifted his head as he replied:

"My name isn't Paddy, sir, so I couldn't change it if I wanted to. But if it was, I wouldn't change it—no, not for all the gold in America!" Then, fearing that in his excitement he might have failed of the respectful tone he had always been taught to use toward his elders, he continued more gently: "Asking your pardon, sir, for all this fuss that I've been the means of making, I'll be going now."

"Where did you say you lived?" asked the merchant, as they boy approached the door.

"I didn't say, but we live at 39 Foley's Court, and my name is Dominic Murray," answered the boy. And, touching his cap, he was gone.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Custer, turning to the remainder of the group, "just write your names and addresses on this pad, and if I want any of you I'll send for you. But I have a word to say before you leave. By nature and education I lean away from the Irish and Roman Catholics; but remember—there are good people among them. Remember that. Finally, whatever may be your and my personal opinions concerning them, bear in mind that if we always stand up for our religion and our country as that little Irishman did just now, we will be model American citizens. And, to conclude, it is very unmanly to attack another without provocation."

With these words the merchant turned to his desk; and, after writing their names and addresses, the boys took their departure. One of them, at least, remembered the lesson; for it was he who told the story. The rest of it he learned from the hero himself, whose friend he became later.

The next day Mr. Custer made his appearance at 39 Foley Court, where he was hospitably greeted by the widow Murray, who was busily engaged in ironing.

"You are the mother of little Dominic, I suppose, Madam?" said the merchant, who never failed in courtesy to any woman.

"Yes, sir, I am," was the response. "He applied at my office for a position yesterday morning," continued Mr. Custer.

"And maybe lost a good chance by his hot-headedness," rejoined the widow.

"He told you about it, then?"

"Yes, sir, he tells me everything. He's a great comfort to me, sir."

"You do not approve of his conduct, though?"

"Not entirely, sir. But, though I couldn't blame

him, 'twould be better if he'd kept his temper. 'Twas an offense against yourself, sir, to make a row in your office. I hope there's nothing serious about it. None of the boys was badly hurt?"

"I am come to tell him that he may have the place if he wants it, Madam. As for the other boys, they got no more than they deserved. But I hope you will counsel Dominic to patience and moderation in the future. I can not have brawls among my employees; and before Dominic—his name ought to be Patrick—is entitled to a vote, he will have to take up the cudgel for his country and his religion many a time."

"Thank you, sir! I'll remind him."

"Send him up to my store tomorrow morning. I have no Irish among my men, but I have a mind to find out for myself of what stuff they are made."

"Some of them are of good stuff and some bad," replied the widow. "But believe, me sir, you will never find anything to boast of in one who denies either his country or his religion."

"Very true, very true," answered Mr. Custer, bowing himself out of the humble dwelling.

Dominic Murray remained fifty years in the employ of Custer & Sons, and died the other day the death of a model Christian, having continued from childhood to old age a true son of St. Patrick.—Ave Maria.

LEADER OF AUSTRIAN CATHOLICS

Dr. Karl Lueger, for many years mayor of Vienna and widely known as the leader of the Christian Democrats in Austria, died March 10, after a long illness.

Dr. Lueger was one of the dominant figures in Austria and stood high among the Catholic leaders of the world. He was a man of masterful ability, and it was through his effort that the so-called "liberal" movement in Austria was robbed of power. He had a keen mind and an unusually attractive and magnetic personality.

Born in Vienna in 1844, Dr. Lueger was educated at the Classical College, at the Theresianum Academy in Vienna and at Vienna University. He took up the profession of the law in 1874, and practiced it until 1897. In 1875 he became town councillor. Dr. Lueger's entrance into power in his native city was a stormy one. His first election, as vice burgomaster, took place in May of 1895. The burgomaster at the time, Dr. Grubel, a Liberal, was opposed to Dr. Lueger, and on the latter's election Grubel resigned. Dr. Lueger then refused to accept the office, on the ground that his majority was the smallest permitted by law to elect. On learning of this refusal, a mob attacked and captured the town hall, and troops were called out to restore order. Nevertheless, in October of the same year he was elected burgomaster, and a crowd of 30,000 gathered around the town hall in a demonstration of joy. The following spring he was again made burgomaster and retained the office until his death.

In 1885 he became a member of parliament and a member of the Diet in 1890, as well as freeman of Vienna. He was chairman of the Christian Social union of parliament.

Dr. Lueger was a militant Catholic, of a type not often found among the statesmen of today.

The church was not in favor among the undergraduates of the Vienna University in his student days, and the young propagandist met with rough treatment. But he stood fast, and in a few months was able to organize a Church Defense association. During all his career he was a fervent Catholic. He made a successful stand for Austrian patriotism and loyalty to the dynasty against the Pan-Germans and the Liberals.

IDLENESS AND MONEY

A visitor in a city hospital paused by the bed of a fine looking young man, who was scarcely more than twenty years old. Although he was so young, yet he had known sin, and had indulged his appetites until nature was overtaxed and nerves and muscles cried out that they could no longer stand the strain. So, being in a strange city when the collapse came, the doctor sent him to the hospital.

After a little chat, the visitor asked, gently: "What is the matter with you?"

In a tone of bitterness, the young man replied: "I have always had an income and didn't need to work. That is the cause of all my trouble."

These two, "Idleness" and "Money" make a bad combination for any young man. If one has the misfortune to possess the money, it does not follow that he should catch the other. No man need surrender to the "low fever" of idleness, and thus open the pores of his soul to all the germs of evil.

Work—hard work—constant work—engrossing work—useful work, saves many from the temptations of life.

TO A FRIEND

Back over memory's sea, dear,
I'm sailing away to thee,
To the days when we were friends here,
And the world was as bright as could be.

I can see you tonight just the same, dear,
As in the days that have long passed away;
And I wonder if you think of me, dear,
As you did in that far yesterday.

Each star brings a message to me, dear,
Of your friendship so tender and true,
And though the years bring me new friends here,
There will ne'er be another like you.

And now as your fair vision fades, dear,
Into the great "far away,"
I can only remember and pray, dear,
That God will bless you always.
Cleveland. Jo.

ADVICE

"You boy Jerry has a grand voice," said Mr. Dolan.

"Yes. He says he's going into grand opera," replied Mr. Rafferty. "He wants, he says, to have the crowds leanin' forward to catch every tone as he lifts his voice to express things that no one but himself can fully comprehend."

"Jerry says that, does he?"

"He does."

"Tell him to be an auctioneer. He can do the same thing and the money is surer."

THREAD USED IN SURGERY.

Are you aware that the modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds? Among them are kangaroo tendons, horse hair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for certain number of days and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away. Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible.

With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points.—St. James Gazette.

JUST KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON.

If the days look kinder gloomy,
An' your chances kinder slim!
If the situation's puzzlin',
An' the prospects awful grim,
An' perplexities keep pressin',
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Jus' bristle up an' grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on.

Fumin' never wins a fight,
An' frettin' never pays;
There ain't no good of broodin' in
These pessimistic ways—
Smile just kinder cheerfully
When hope is nearly gone,
An' bristle up an' grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use growlin'
An' groumbin' all the time,
When music's ringin' everywhere
An' everything's a rhyme—
Jus' keep on smilin' cheerfully
If hope is nearly gone,
An' bristle up an' grit your teeth
An' keep on keepin' on.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ANTICIPATING EASTER

self, for Himself alone therefore there was no reason why he should suffer in our flesh and go through the awful ordeal of humiliation and torture of His life. If He has done so, it was merely by means of substitution and in order to make us benefit by all His merits. But in order that this transmission, this transformation of merits might take effect between two free natures, namely, the divine nature of Christ and our human nature, it was necessary that the will of God and the will of man should come in contact. This mysterious agent, by the intervention of which Christ passed in man and man in Christ, the medium through which the two natures enter in this state of fusion is precisely what is termed grace.

By means of grace, Christ has become to us like a new tree of life planted in the midst of the human race, as He Himself tells us. He became the trunk of the vine, and we the branches of the same, not, of course, by the communication of His divine nature, but by the effusion of His merits. And the scattered tribes of the old race of Adam which consent to abandon their evil ways and try to be grafted on the new vine receive fresh life, fresh vigor, a communication of that sap, grace, which makes them strong. It is like the frank olive tree and the wild olive tree of which St. Paul makes mention; the latter bears only fruits of bitterness and death; this is man in his fallen condition, whilst man made Christian, not only in name but in fact, by prayer and by sacrament, is inserted under the agency of grace, into the frank olive tree and derives from it a renewed youth and energy for the good that prompts him, sometimes, to accomplish wonders of virtue.

Some inquisitive mind might at this point require an analysis of grace in its very essence. This is a mysterious question, no more so, however, than a thousand mysteries which are seen in nature itself and cannot be analyzed. Besides, as grace belongs to the supernatural order of things, it would be presumptuous to attempt it. Then again, how more difficult it is to explain the transmission of evil than the transmission of good, because the transmission of evil is done without the consent of the will, whilst in the case of grace, the transfusion is brought about by the co-operation of the will.

But, after all, how little does it matter that we should understand and comprehend the mystery of grace as long as we are witnesses of grace itself and of its effects. And what more evident at first to those who have had the happiness to live under the control of grace, than the vivifying breath of the extraordinary energy for the good which is found in the practice of the Christian doctrine, which is felt no longer when the practice of the Christian virtues is abandoned, and in the existence of which all true Christians are unanimous. What is more evident than the influence of a supernatural principle in so many Christian souls that practice virtue to an extraordinary degree without the least human motive, in fact in spite of all human motives.

Outside of the Christian religion there have been, there are and there will be undoubtedly good men, virtuous men—in the Christian religion saints are to be found.

There exists between human morality, which constitutes what is termed in the world, the class of honest people, and through grace of Jesus Christ which produces what religion calls saintly people or saints, another difference which does not consist only in the degree but in the very principle of these two states. It is quite a different order of phenomenon—human morality—is but an abstinence from evil—or very often the result of a happy disposition, or again of surrounding circumstance. Such is not sanctity. It does not limit itself to abstaining from evil but earnestly tends to the good. It shines distinctly in every class of people whatever the precedent many have been.

Human morality is like one plant of our gardens, delicate, fed by small delicate roots.

Sanctity blooms and blossoms in the desert. This is grace manifested in its effects. A great Christian philosopher has truly said: "To make a saint out of a man, it requires the action of grace. Whoever doubts this does not know what is man, and what is a saint."

We are not in the exact condition to measure accurately the difference between the morality—as given by nature, and sanctity, as given by grace. For the moral bravery which we may observe in many people is probably a weakened grace, or again it may be influenced, to a great extent, by surrounding grace. In order to appreciate the situation in all its fullness, one ought to carry himself back to the condition of the world when Christ brought the blessing of redemption to the earth. The victory is not, of course, complete upon earth. Man feels, and always shall feel in him the promptings of nature struggling against the attraction of grace.

F. D.

INSPIRED WORDS

Continued from Page 1.

when the first Venetian issue is dated, twenty-two complete impressions have been found in the city of St. Mark alone. Half a dozen folio editions came forth before a single Latin classic had been printed. This Latin text, constantly produced or translated, was accessible to all scholars. To whom are we indebted for all these translations? Is it not to the Catholic Church, who has ever proved herself the loving guardian and preserver of the sacred Oracles?

As we, and all who claim to be Christians, are indebted to the Catholic Church, for the very fact that we now possess the Bible, so, too, we owe to the same holy church "The Canon of Scripture."

The oldest manuscripts of the Bible do not go back further than the ninth or tenth centuries. What is known as the Septuagint Version was drawn up by some Greek-speaking Jews at Alexan-

dria, in the time of the earlier Ptolemies, about the year 280 before the birth of our Blessed Lord. According to St. Irenaeus, Ptolemy Lagi, wishing to adorn his Alexandrian Library with the writings of all nations, requested the Jews of Jerusalem to give him a Greek version of their scriptures. He says that they sent seventy elders, well skilled in the Scriptures and in later languages, that the King separated them one from another and bade them all translate the several books. When they came together and showed their versions, God was glorified, for "they all agreed exactly" from beginning to end in every phrase and word, so that all men may know "the Scriptures are translated by the inspiration of God." Other fathers and ecclesiastical writers do not admit this, but, whatever be the history and origin of the Septuagint, it is a fact that it was the version used almost exclusively by the apostles in the New Testament. It was the version of the ancient church for six centuries, till it was superseded by the Vulgate in the west.

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